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Reading Room

THE IMPRESS OF THE YEARS.

Not all which we have been
Do we remain,
Nor on the dial-hearts of men
Do the years mark themselves in vain;

But every cloud that in our sky hath passed,
Some gloom or glory hath upon us cast;

And there have fallen from us, as we travelled,
Many a burden of an ancient pain—
Many a tangled chord hath been unravelled,
Never to bind our foolish heart again.

Old loves have left us lingeringly and slow,
As melts away the distant strain of low
Sweet music—waking us from troubled dreams,
Lulling to holier ones—that dies afar
On the deep night, as if by silver beams
Claspt to the trembling breast of some charmed star.
And we have stood and watched, all wistfully,
While fluttering hopes have died out of our lives,
As one who follows with a straining eye
A bird that far, far-off fades in the sky,
A little rocking speck—now lost; and still he strives
A moment to recover it—in vain;
Then slowly turns back to his work again.
But loves and hopes have left us in their place,
Thank God! a gentle grace,
A patience, a belief in his good time,
Worth more than all earth's joys to which we climb.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

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W. W. Ferrier

Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

TRUST.

When your brother man you measure,
Take him at his best;
Something in him you can treasure,
Overlook the rest.
Though, of his, some trait or fetter
May not suit you to the letter,
Trust him—it will make him better;
Take him at his best.

Praise will make him worth the praising;
Take him at his best.
Keep the fire of purpose blazing
Ever in his breast.
Do not frown upon or scold him;
In the strength of faith enfold him,
To his highest yearning mold him;
Take him at his best.—Nixon Waterman.

MESSAGES OF THE NEW YEAR.

The Pacific has pleasure in giving to its readers this week some of the New Year messages sent out by Pacific Coast pastors to the members of their churches and congregations, and to some of their friends outside their parishes. We begin with one by the Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks on "Vision," and follow it by the one on "The Purpose of a Pilgrim," by the Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown, the new pastor of Pilgrim Church, Seattle. "My year," by Herbert Atchinson Jump, comes in, appropriately, next. The letters by the Rev. Albert W. Palmer, and the Rev. A. B. Patten, while pertaining considerably to local affairs, will have much of interest to a wide circle of readers.

The article which we have prepared from the answers to letters sent out by the Rev. Dr. Strong of Seattle, to mayors in different parts of the country, under the caption "Looking into Nineteen Thirteen," will be found full of optimism.

VISION.

Because a man's happiness and usefulness are so largely determined by the clearness and the range of his vision, because the sources of his strength and character are in the secret springs amid the everlasting hills, and because the New Year is a summit of hope from which we may see life in the light of the highest, I invite you as one who seeks the path of light and who believes that all the deepest and most enduring forces of life lead to the light to join me in the following quest:

Let us seek the instruments of vision, a mind free from prejudice and passion, open to the highest and thoughtful of the lowliest, a heart pure from bitterness and malice, led out into sympathy that grows deeper as the need for it increases, a will steadfast and courageous in obedience to the loftiest.

Let us seek the path that leads to the place of vision, sometimes up to the solitary summit where spirit with Spirit can meet, sometimes straight into the hearts of men where God has His abiding place, sometimes through difficulty and danger where often the blind are made to see.

Let us covet earnestly the power that comes through vision, the power to be patient when others cannot wait, the power to love when others hate, the power to pray when others scoff, the power to be at peace when others are storm tossed.

Let us prepare for the results of vision, a holy city, whose joys are clean, whose pleasures are pure, whose habits are honest, where men and women of righteousness and reverence, of strength and sympathy go into store and street, and school and home and church.

To this end let us walk with Him whose life is the light of men, until our vision of Him becomes a light upon our way and a burning hope within our souls.

RAYMOND C. BROOKS,

First Congregational Church, Walla Walla, Wash.

THE PURPOSE OF A PILGRIM.

As a Pilgrim entering the New Year-Land, "toward the going down of the Sun," I do purpose:

To be strong in body, keeping in reverence and under self-control my physical powers, having them filled with all purity, as becometh a temple of the Holy Spirit.

To be strong in mind, to develop my full mental power and to consecrate it; to associate with great souls, read the undying books, and follow the unsetting Star of Truth.

To be strong in will, to tune my will to vibrate in harmony with the Master's will, that His statutes may become my songs and His service my perfect freedom.

To be strong in my work, whether it be with many eyes upon me, or only seen by the few who love me, doing it as the business of my Father, and finding in it recreation, discipline and character.

To be strong in love, a warm, true-hearted friend, loving my fellow pilgrims as myself, and my Great Guide with all my heart, soul and strength.

To be strong in faith, ever trusting the victory of good over evil, undaunted by seeming defeat, looking always beyond the mists and clouds of time into the clear shining of the Eternal Life.

To be strong in patience, bearing my burdens without complaint, suffering my pain quietly, accepting all the disposings of the Divine Will with grateful heart and cheerful countenance, speaking only kind and courageous words, thinking only brave and loving thoughts.

To be strong in service, keeping myself unspotted from the world, and yet close to its pain, sorrow and sin; seeking ever to do Christ's work in Christ's way, under Christ's leadership, and in company with Christ's Disciples.

To be strong in following the Living Ark—Jesus Christ; that I may serve my generation before the shadows lengthen and I am called to sleep by Sunset and Evening Star.

HUGH ELMER BROWN.

Pastor of Pilgrim Church, Seattle.

MY YEAR.

To-day I am facing a new year strange;
What Gift will it bring me of joy or change?

I will make it a year of faith and prayer,
A year of high endeavor;
I will crowd it with deeds both brave and fair,
I will act the hero ever.

I will search the world for hearts to bless;
I will fit out my love with wings;
I will fill my days with a tenderness
That thinks and soothes and sings.

I will travel God's path at God's own rate;
I will welcome both gain and loss;
Nor will I rebel when Heaven's gate
Looks tragically like a cross.

And so as I live through the strange new time,
The Master will make it a year sublime.

HERBERT ATCHINSON JUMP.

New Years Day, 1913.

FACING THE NEW YEAR.

In his New Year greeting to the members and friends of Plymouth Church, Oakland, the Rev. Albert W. Palmer remarks on the loyalty and forbearance and patience with which they have co-operated with him in the work of the last year, and says then:

"Let us now turn our faces toward the light of the New Year. Nineteen thirteen is supremely the year of preparation for the Exposition. We are blazoning forth 'California Invites the World in 1915!' What sort of a civilization is it to which we are inviting the world? How strong are our moral and religious forces going to be when, as hosts, we receive the young people of the nation two years from now?

"What a bugle call to loyalty and devotion rings out this year! What can you and I do to make strong and regnant here beside this western sea the ideals of Christ? How can we make Plymouth Church more efficient? How enlarge its membership? We gained over 100 members in 1912—ought we not to increase our present membership of 405 to at least 600 this year? As our church gathers strength, how can we project this energy into the life of the city in support of all wise efforts for civic improvement and social reconstruction? How can we bring Plymouth Center nearer to realizing its possibilities of practical and constant service to the community? How develop and strengthen our Sunday School, not only in numbers and organization, but in the deeper though less

conspicuous virtue of vital and efficient teaching? How make the services of worship an inspiration to the truest and noblest living? How make the preaching powerful for righteousness and radiant with spiritual vision?

"These things constitute our task. We can do none of them working alone—we must work together as never before. As your pastor I ask you this year for your best co-operation, loyalty and love. I pledge you in return a full measure of devotion up to the limits of my time and strength."

SACRAMENTO AND THE NEW YEAR.

In his annual pastoral letter the Rev. A. B. Patten of the First Congregational Church of Sacramento says:

"Our church strikes a good average; we have done well. But we are going to do better. We have a goodly number of members of Maximum Efficiency; we have some of Middle Efficiency; but we also have a few of Minimum Efficiency. To which class do you belong? Which class are you going to join in 1913? As a whole we have been well up in the middle register; but now we seek a maximum record. Our resources warrant it. My appreciation of the abilities of our people is unstinted. We are richly endowed for great consecrations; we are capable of exceptional efficiencies. If we were all as available as we are able, what could we not do with our beloved church?

"I congratulate you upon your capacity. I challenge you to believe more, to dare more and to do more. Let us demand more of one another. Challenge your pastor also to higher things. He knows that he has not begun to exhaust the resources which God is storing within him. He believes that his best year is now before him.

"The 'acceptable year' will have to be an aggressive year. Let the air be electric with expectancy, and all our church affairs eager with wise enthusiasm.

"I trust that our present church may be sold and a new one well along towards completion within the next twelve months. I came here with the promise of that new church before my eyes and I do not know how to forget it. We are now at the point of urgency. I believe this may be the strategic year. The majority have said, 'Move,' and Congregationalists go by majorities. I thank God that there have been no dissensions among us, and that we assay our future with a solid front of good will. Now let us add the solid front of fidelity, and so advance with power.

"This church has had a noble history. Our traditions challenge us. Sacramento shall not forget. To be worthy of the past, we must make the glory of the new temple better than the glory of the old. We are going to build serviceably anyway; and then we will build as stately as your generosity dictates. I wish to see some handsome gifts, so that we can not only build well, but can also have a bank account and an income sufficient to endow a chair of religious education in our church. We need a salaried Sunday-school Superintendent who shall be a pastor's assistant and the leader of instruction, recreation and comradeship among our boys and girls. We will have one tomorrow if some of you great-hearted people of means will only give us the needful guarantee. God only can estimate the good which you might do through such a foundation. All leading churches today have such Sunday-school pastors. All we need to make ours such a leading church is to lead out. Our children are often like sheep

without a shepherd, because the preaching and administering pastor is not equal to all these things.

"The new wine of youth must find a fit opportunity in our new church. We need to have a care how we try to bottle up the boys and girls. But if we hold them physically with a stout gymnasium, we shall be more likely to hold them in the sanctuary of the spirit. We must build for the plays of childhood and the athleticism of young life, but with all doors opening from the kindergarten and the gymnasium into the holy of holies. Here extremes may meet. Eagerness of sport and earnestness of the spirit are not far removed."

LOOKING INTO NINETEEN THIRTEEN.

The Rev. Sydney Strong of Queen Anne Congregational Church, Seattle, wrote a few weeks ago to the mayors of a large number of cities asking them to name some sign of promise in American city life as we were about to enter on the year 1913. The answers were read at a service in his church New Year's eve and were published the next day in the leading daily paper.

We give here the keynote of several of the replies:

Big cities seem to be finding their consciences.

John F. Fitzgerald,

Mayor of Boston.

That * * * our people are showing more personal interest and are feeling a greater degree of responsibility for the welfare of the cities.

J. Gottlieb Reutter,

Mayor of Lansing, Mich.

I can discover nothing but that which is hopeful and encouraging to the man or woman who believes in our form of government.

Rudolph Blankenburg,

Mayor of Philadelphia.

That the age of the neglected and betrayed city is behind us.

Newton D. Baker,

Mayor of Cleveland.

That intemperance is becoming more unpopular every day.

C. W. Thomas,

Mayor of Jefferson City, Mo.

The impression that is going deeper into our civic hearts that there must be but one standard of morals for men and women.

F. A. Hartenstein,

Mayor of Youngstown, O.

We can profitably enlarge our hopes and confidence for greater blessings in the new year, so that peace, mercy, justice and truth may have wider reign in our homes and communities.

F. H. Kreismann,

Mayor of St. Louis.

For the larger sense of responsibilities for the conditions under which women and children live and work.

James Langdon,

Mayor of Worcester, Mass.

Reform can only be established by educational processes.

L. R. Bresnahan,

Mayor of Cheyenne, Wyo.

The intelligent and determined optimism of 1912 has been the seed-sowing which assures increasing harvest of prosperity in 1913 and the Panama era to follow.

George F. Cotterill,

Mayor of Seattle.

That the idea of doing the right thing simply because it is right and not because of any selfish or personal interests, is becoming dominant.

Samuel C. Park,

Mayor of Salt Lake City.

That the people of the various cities are awakening to a more acute idea of the rights and the fellowship of man.

Lloyd B. Christy,

Mayor of Phoenix, Ariz.

Improved street cleaning, improved sanitation, improved health department requirements, improved safeguards for milk among the poor; all of these are promising things for 1913.

James N. Preston,

Mayor of Baltimore.

I beg to extend words of good cheer to our younger neighbor of the Pacific coast and wish it success in solving its varied problems in the light of a civilization that is dawning.

Frank J. Rice,

Mayor of New Haven, Conn.

Never have municipal problems, such as pure water and safeguards against fire, been studied as in the year now drawing to a close.

Michael A. Scanton,

Mayor of Lawrence, Mass.

That the industrial and commercial development of our vast metropolises extends no less to the intellectual and moral uplift of their inhabitants.

Martin Behrman,

Mayor of New Orleans.

I am impressed with the belief that the whole world, and not simply the American city, is on the verge of an immense change.

George J. Karb,

Mayor of Columbus, O.

Mayor Cotterill of Seattle, who is a Congregationalist, wrote:

"Seattle welcomes the new year with hopefulness glowing on every countenance. The intelligent and determined optimism of 1912 has been the seed sowing which assures increasing harvest of prosperity in 1913, and the Panama era to follow.

"In the immediate future to follow, even more than in our best past, it shall be truly said that Seattle spells success.

"In the hour of assurance of national progress it is good to know that Seattle is more than ever dedicating her constructive efforts to intelligent social service in working along lines of human brotherhood, insisting on justice, while not neglecting charity.

"Altogether we have a right to believe that Seattle is entering the best year of her history and that 1913 may truly crown our Queen City as Seattle—the best of the West."

Mayor Hindley of Spokane, formerly pastor of one of our Congregational churches in that city, wrote:

Let me say that I regard the outlook for good government in the American city brighter today than at any period in our history, as indicated in the following conditions:

First—The almost universal demand by the rank and file of our citizens that the government of the modern city be divorced from partisan politics.

Second—The new awakening of the American consciousness as evidenced in the activities of natural groups along lines of civic betterment: (a) the increasingly large number of improvement clubs, social science study clubs and other groups of men and women who are giving time and thought to public affairs; (b) the opening of the public schools as social centers, where entertainment, recreation and education may be brought within the range of the adult members of the community as well as boys and girls; (c) the willingness of cities to issue bonds for enlarged park areas, playgrounds, boulevards and public breathing places, relieving our sordid money-loving civil-

ization from the incubus of mere profits and dividends, and thus giving the growing child as well as the tired parent an added touch and appeal of nature in her better moods.

Third—The emphasis now being given to preventive measures, not only as to the health problems of the modern city, but also to the problems of viciousness and crime; the closer inspection and supervision of hours and conditions of toil, the elimination of child labor, and the minimum wage scale, are all indications of the better day.

Fourth—The growing refusal of the American city to commercialize vice and to capitalize human weakness; the repudiation of license systems for revenue purposes, and the substitution therefor of policies for regulation, restriction and elimination, thus reducing the scope of "necessary evils," and turning the face of public opinion against all traffic that makes private profit out of the socially unfit."

The reply of Mayor Karb of Columbus, Ohio, was:

An awakened public conscience is demanding a change in those conditions which affect life. It appears to me that the predominating factor behind this is the demand for altered industrial conditions, and this demand naturally includes moral factors.

I am impressed with the belief that the whole world, and not simply the American city, is on the verge of immense change, and while we may get off the road for a minute, my confidence in the future is such as to believe that from the wrong road we will, with unusual speed, get into the right road in the main.

More clean government, more just conditions, more opportunity, more justice and more swift and intelligent recognition of our individual responsibilities, I believe to be the fruits of the new year into which we are being ushered, and this necessarily leads us into a field of higher morals, individual and civic.

THEIR MISTAKES.

Retrospections by a California Pastor.

He was young, only twenty-four, and yet his theological degree was in his trunk, and a call from a church in his pocket. He was on his way back East to be married.

She was young, only twenty-three, and yet her education had so far advanced that she could write a highly commendable "A. B." thesis and bake biscuits. She was waiting for him, and she was to be married.

They were married. It is now four years since they were married. Four happy, successful years they have been. One little boy has come into their home to bless the union. They are loved by the people to whom they have ministered for four years. Their church has grown in numbers, in influence, in works of Christian love, and in faith. And as this man and this woman look back over the four years there is deep gratitude in their hearts for all that they have been able to do. And there is the promise of greater things for them in the future. For they realize that they have made many mistakes. They have not allowed the commendation of many to blind them of the fact that they have made mistakes. He knows now that he has made mistakes. She knows, too, that she has made mistakes. And they will never make the same mistakes again. And they have learned lessons from their mistakes that will help them all their lives.

They realize now that one of their mistakes was over

dishes—washing dishes. Her hands were soft and white. He simply couldn't bear the thought of her in the kitchen with sleeves rolled up, in a pan of greasy dishwater. No. He would help her. He would wash the dishes. And then, from her point of view it was so delicious to have her husband there helping her. It proved his devotion. He always helped her with the morning dishes, usually at noon, and usually at night. But now he realizes that she was well and hearty; that dishes really were her part; that he ought to have been in his study instead of in the kitchen. And she realizes too, that she ought not to have allowed him to help so often.

This man and this woman have been figuring up their expense account lately, and they find that out of the \$4600 that they have received in the four years they have only saved \$150. He has kept up an endowment life insurance policy of \$1000 which must, of course, be added to the amount saved. But even with that their savings have not been as great as they expected. And now they find the reason to have been that they did not determine upon a specific amount to be set aside periodically. Their method was to deposit whatever they had as a surplus each month. Many months there has been no surplus, and sometimes even a deficit. But from now on, they have decided to lay aside ten dollars each month and make themselves live on what is left.

He has made many mistakes in his study, in his personal life, and in his public service.

He came from the Seminary with a large and wisely outlined bibliography. A few of these books he has read—but only a few. Now he says that he has spent too much time in desultory reading. He has sometimes spent the first hour of the morning in "glancing over" pamphlets, the newspaper, and even the telephone directory and almanacs. There has been a lack of system in his study and very often he has "read" instead of "studied." And very often he has "studied" what ought only to have been "read" and has had time only to "read" what demanded "study."

Another mistake he has made in his study. He has worked too specifically upon his Sunday sermons. During his seminary days he heard a great deal about "long work" and he was determined to do much of this foundation laying. But he has found it a big task to prepare two sermons for Sunday—almost all that he could do. He has been popular as a preacher. But now he feels that if he could have found time for the "long work" his future power as a preacher would have been more probable.

One big mistake he has made in his personal life during these four years. He has smoked. Never in public—there are only two members of his church who know that he smokes and they would not tell. Every morning when he goes to his study he lights his pipe. Evidently he has not suffered physically. His health is above par. He must have suffered mentally, although not enough for him to notice it. But the fact that he does in secret what he would not wish to have his people know about has troubled him. He has been afraid that people would detect the odor on his clothes. He has been obliged to keep silent upon the subject of cigarette smoking in his Sunday school. Now he realizes that the fact of his smoking has been a handicap in his work.

The mistakes of his public life have not been serious. They were the mistakes of inexperience and will be remedied in the course of years. Some of his public utter-

ances might have been more tactful; it would have been better if he had not been quite so intimate with certain families in his congregation. Twice he waited to be sent for when he ought to have gone. But these are things which will be righted with the coming years.

Some of his mistakes are those of the many. Thanks be for the season of New Year's Resolutions and for the time of taking stock.

STATISTICS FOR NINETEEN TWELVE.

For several years the Chicago Tribune has gathered and published on the first of each year some valuable statistics for the year past. We make for The Pacific a condensation of those for 1912.

The Beneficences.

The donations and bequests to educational, religious, charitable and other organizations of a public character amounted to \$241,821,719. In 1911 they were \$126,499,918; and in 1910 they were \$141,990,436.

It must be taken into consideration that this total includes only public donations. If the entire amount given were known it would probably be twice this sum. Of the total amount \$177,923,076 represents gifts and \$63,898,643 bequests. This large sum has been distributed as follows: In charities of various kinds, \$184,747,555; educational, institutions, \$35,207,909; religious bodies, \$10,847,756; art museums, galleries, and municipal improvements, \$8,906,501; libraries, \$2,112,000. The women of the country have contributed \$17,787,287 of the total amount, \$12,252,037, by requests, and \$5,535,250 by gifts, distributed as follows: Charities, \$9,001,791; educational, \$4,650,345; churches, \$2,181,151; museums, etc., \$1,685,000; libraries, \$269,000.

Embezzlements in 1912.

There has been less public dishonesty in 1912 than in 1911, much less than in 1910. The record for the year, which is only an approximate one, shows a total in round numbers of \$11,000,000, as compared with \$10,000,000 in 1911 and \$25,000,000 in 1910. These stealings as reported by telegraph were distributed as follows: Banks, \$6,520,000; miscellaneous, \$2,037,000; agents, \$700,000; forgeries, \$700,000; public officers, \$520,000; loan associations, \$418,000; postal employes, \$125,000. As said above, these figures are only approximate. Many peculations are never reported, some are incorrectly reported, and many are settled. Numerous minor defalcations never appear in the news.

Railroad Fatalities.

The number of persons killed on the railroads of the United States in 1912 was 4,857. These were passengers and trainmen, and exclusive of the number killed in yards and while stealing rides or otherwise trespassing. The injured on the railroads numbered 29,866. These were on steam and trolley lines.

General Fatalities.

During 1912 persons to the number of 1,312 lost their lives in automobile accidents. The seriously injured numbered 5,756.

The deaths by drowning numbered 6,381; by fires, 1,912; by cyclones and other storms, 625; by explosions, 517; by accidents in mines, 1,501; by electricity, 221; by lightning, 182; asphyxiation, 401; on elevators, 116.

Homicides in 1912.

The number of deaths by personal violence of all kinds in 1912, as reported by telegraph and recorded by newspapers in every state in the union, was 9,152, as compared with 8,272 in 1911 and 8,975 in 1910. It must be taken into account that this record is not confined to such cases of murder and homicide as result in arrest and conviction, but includes deaths by every form of violence. It is impossible without official records to make anything but a general classification. The largest number is set down as quarrels, it being impossible under the circumstances to subdivide quarrels under appropriate headings. The various causes, generally stated, were as follows:

Quarrels, 4,380; unnamed, 2,021; liquor 963; by highwaymen, 367; jealousy, 903; highwaymen killed, 70; infanticide, 158; resisting arrest, 171; insanity, 118; riots, 25; self defense, 89; strikes, 43; criminal outrages, 22;

Thirty-two persons have fallen victims during the year to the Black Hand gang and thirty in Tong or High Blinder affrays.

Executions in 1912.

The number of legal executions in 1912 shows a large increase, as compared with those of the last few years, being 145, as compared with 74 in 1911, 104 in 1910, 107 in 1909, and 92 in 1908. Classified by states, the record is as follows: Alabama, 4; Arkansas, 8; California, 8; Connecticut, 2; Colorado, 1; Florida, 3; Georgia, 12; Illinois, 6; Kentucky, 5; Massachusetts, 5; Maryland, 2; North Carolina, 4; Nevada, 2; Ohio, 3; Oregon, 4; Mississippi, 7; Missouri, 1; New York, 21; New Jersey, 4; Pennsylvania, 6; South Carolina, 5; Tennessee, 10; Texas, 5; Utah, 6; Vermont, 1; Virginia, 6; Washington, 2; Wyoming, 2. Of the total number, 100 were white, 40 negroes, and 1 Indian. One hundred and thirty-nine were hanged for murder, 4 for rape, 1 for attempted rape, and 1 for burglary.

Lynchings in 1912.

The number of lynchings in 1912 shows a gratifying decrease, and is the smallest since these records were begun, in 1884, being 64, as compared with 71 in 1911. The following, showing the annual number during the last twenty-eight years, may be of general interest, as the subject of lynching has now become a matter both of state and national discussion: 1885, 184; 1886, 138; 1887, 122; 1888, 142; 1889, 176; 1890, 127; 1891, 192; 1892, 255; 1893, 200; 1894, 190; 1895, 171; 1896, 131; 1897, 106; 1898, 127; 1899, 107; 1900, 115; 1901, 135; 1902, 96; 1903, 104; 1904, 87; 1905, 66; 1906, 60; 1907, 63; 1908, 100; 1909, 87; 1910, 74; 1911, 71; 1912, 41. The number of lynchings in the various states was as follows: Alabama, 8; Arkansas, 3; Florida, 5; Georgia, 11; Louisiana, 8; Mississippi, 6; Montana, 1; North Carolina, 1; North Dakota, 1; Oregon, 1; Oklahoma, 1; South Carolina, 7; Tennessee, 5; Texas, 3; Virginia, 1; West Virginia, 1; Wyoming, 1. Cases of race rioting or killing by posses are not included in the list. Of the total number 60 were blacks and 4 whites, three of the former being women. The crimes for which they were killed were as follows: Murder, 34; rape, 10; murderous assault, 6; complicity in murder, arson, insults to white women, 3 each; attempted rape, 2; assault and robbery, race prejudice, refusal to pay note, and unnamed cause, 1 each.

Suicides in 1912.

The record of suicides shows an increase, the number for 1912 being 12,981, as compared with 12,242 in 1911. The proportion of suicides as between men and women remains about the same, being 7,632 males and 5,349 females, Physicians, as usual, head the list among professional men, the number being 40, as compared with 27 in 1911, 51 in 1910, 27 in 1909, and 42 in 1908, and clergymen come next, 8 having taken their own lives. It is a curious fact that few lawyers are guilty of suicide. Among business men 14 bankers have made way with themselves. The causes of suicide were as follows:

Despondency, 6,321; unknown, 1,382; insanity, 1,072; domestic infelicity, 1,220; ill health, 1,962; business losses, 92; liquor, 111; disappointment in love, 821.

The most melancholy feature of these statistics is the constantly increasing number of those who are impelled to commit suicide because of ill health. Of the total number 4,148 shot themselves, 3,926 took poison, 2,722 hanged themselves, 852 drowned themselves, 148 cut their throats, 890 asphyxiated themselves, 58 threw themselves in front of railroad trains, and 163 from roofs or windows, 82 stabbed themselves, 21 burned themselves, 15 blew themselves up with dynamite, and 6 starved themselves.

Losses by Wars.

The three principal wars of 1912 have been the Balkan, that between Italy and Tripoli, and the civil strife in Mexico. The three have resulted in a loss in round numbers of 322,000 killed and wounded. In this total no consideration is given to the massacres which have characterized the struggle between Turkey and the Balkan states, or to the ravages of cholera among the troops, as no reports have been made. The details of losses are as follows, as gathered from unofficial sources: Turkey, 268,074; China, 24,052; Tripoli, 14,372; Mexico, 12,999; Malay archipelago, 3,000; Nicaragua, 2,466; Morocco, 2,183; Ecuador, 1,080; Paraguay, 600; Persia, 220; Cuba, 200; San Domingo, 200; Brazil, 183; Hayti, 53. Total, 329,432, as compared with 72,000 in 1911, 13,000 in 1910, 68,000 in 1909, and 22,000 in 1908.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF A CONFEDERATE GENERAL.

Under the foregoing caption a series of letters was published last year. The woman to whom they were written said in a foreword:

"The world knew my Soldier as a great general leading an army in the field, holding his men by a chain of love and honor which drew them to follow him to the gates of death, ready to crash through them to the unfathomable mysteries of the undiscovered land. To me he has always been simply 'My Soldier.' When I first knew him, fighting for his flag, offering his life daily, hourly, a sacrifice upon the altar dedicated to the high and holy cause which inspired his every thought and deed—his country's service—he was My Soldier, the hero of my childish dreams. He was still My Soldier when, with equal courage, he bore his valiant part in the great battle of life.

"These letters, sent to me first as his school-girl sweetheart and afterwards as his wife, are sacred to me, and it is with reluctance that they are given to the public. They have been carefully selected from hundreds written in camp and on the field in the pauses of battle, sometimes

when the heart of the writer was thrilled by the ardor of the coming conflict, again when the contest was over and his soul was darkened by the anguish of the wounded and the awful silence of the dead.

"They came to me filled with the thunder of guns, the lighting of unsheathed swords, the tumultuous rage of the heart of the storm; but through them all the radiance of love outshone the battle flash, and the lyric of love rose above the cannon's roar. For half a century they have lain locked away from the world, the lines fading from the yellowing pages, their every word enshrined in my heart. They are brought to the light of to-day, not alone for their bearing upon historic events, but yet more for the story they tell of a man's heart and life in the fiery storm of the greatest war our country has ever known.

"The romance of war is over. The majesty of contending armies in the open field, shrouded in battle smoke riven by flashes of fire, is no longer known. No more are letters written in the battle pauses on crimson fields, to bring joy and sorrow, hope and despair, but always the light of love—to waiting hearts.

"My Soldier's letters seem to my prejudiced eyes not the narrative of a blunt soldier, reciting tersely his account of battles, not the ravings of an eager lover, reiterating phrases of eternal devotion, but the observations of a man of culture, of countless interests, of warm sympathy, of unshakable faith.

"For these reasons I am permitting my soldier's letters to be given to the world."

After nearly all the letters had been printed the woman yielded to a widely expressed wish that their authorship be disclosed, and the famous General Pickett was named as the writer of the letters. They are full of much of general interest relating to his war experiences. We give some in which the love strain is most prominent. In April 1863, General Pickett, so distraught with the fear that death in battle would overtake him before he could make "Little Miss Sallie" his wife, wrote her to come to him at once and be married, if need be, by a roadside. In this letter he says:

"This morning I awakened from a beautiful dream, and while its glory still overshadows the waking and fills my soul with radiance I write to make an earnest request—entreating, praying, that you will grant it. You know, my darling, we have no prophets in these days to tell us how near or how far is the end of this awful struggle. If the 'battle is not to the strong' then we may win; but when all our ports are closed and the world is against us, when for us a man killed is a man lost, while Grant may have twenty-five of every nation to replace one of his, it seems that the battle is to the strong. So often already has hope been dashed to the winds.

"As you know, it is imperative that I remain at my post, and absolutely impossible for me to come to you. So you will have to come to me. Will you, dear? Will you come? Can't your beautiful eyes see beyond the mist of my eagerness and anxiety that in the bewilderment of my worship—worshipping, as I do, one so divinely right, and feeling that my love is returned—how hard it is for me to ask you to overlook old-time customs, remembering only that you are to be a soldier's wife? A week, a day, an hour, as your husband would engulf in its great joy all my past woes, and ameliorate all future fears.

"So, my Chulita, don't let's wait: send me a line by Jackerie saying you will come. Come at once, my darling, into this valley of the shadow of uncertainty, and make certain the comfort that if I fall I shall fall as your husband; that you will bear my name, will have been my wife, and will have all the rights of a wife.

"You know that I love you with a devotion that envelops absorbs all else—a devotion so divine that when in dreams I see you it is as something too pure and sacred for mortal touch. And if you only knew the heavenly life that thrills through me when I make it real to myself that you love me, you would understand. Think, my dear little one, of the uncertainty and dangers of even a day of separation, and don't let the time come when either of us will look back and say, 'It might have been.'

"If I am spared, all my life shall be devoted to making you happy, to keeping all that would hurt you far from you, to making all that is good come near you. Heaven will help me to be ever helpful to you, and will bless me to bless you. If you knew how every hour I kneel at your altar, if you could hear the prayers I offer to you and to our Heavenly Father for you, if you knew the incessant thought and longing and desire to make you blessed, you would know how much your answer will mean to me, and how, while I plead, I am held back by a reverence and a sensitive adoration for you. For, Chulita mia, you are my goddess, and I am only your devoted, loving

Soldier.

The young woman, Miss La Salle Corbell, did not deem wise to go. Mrs. Pickett, in publishing this letter, wrote!

"To those who recall the rigid system of social training in which a girl of that period was reared, it will not seem strange that a maiden, even in war times, could not seriously contemplate the possibility of leaving home and being married by the wayside in that desultory and unstudied fashion. Especially sensational would it have been if a school girl had deserted the study halls in that revolutionary manner. So, though my heart responded to the call, what could I do but adhere to the social laws, more formidable than were ever the majestic canons of the ecclesiasts? My Soldier admitted that I was right, and we agreed to await a more favorable time."

Later she agreed to marriage, in different circumstances however. Several months after marriage, while on the march to Gettysburg, General Pickett wrote to his wife:

"Our whole army is now in Pennsylvania, north of the river. There were rumors that Richmond was threatened from all sides—Dix from Old Point, Getty from Hanover, Keyes from Bottom's Ridge, and so on—and that we might be recalled. It turned out to be a Munchausen, and we are still to march forward. Every tramp, tramp, tramp is a thought, thought, thought of my darling, every halt a blessing invoked, every command a loving caress; and the thought of you and prayer for you make me courage, give me faith. Now, my Carissima, let my soul speak to yours. Listen—listen—listen! You hear—I am answered!"

The night before the charge on the field of Gettysburg, General Pickett wrote:

"Just as we three separated to go our different ways after silently clasping hands, our fears and prayers voiced in the 'Good luck, old man,' a summons came from Old Peter, and I immediately rode to the top of the ridge where

he and Marse Robert were making a reconnoissance of Meade's position. 'Great God!' said Old Peter as I came up, 'look at the insurmountable difficulties between our line and that of the Yankees—the steep hills, the tiers of artillery, the fences, the heavy skirmish line—and then we'll have to fight our infantry against their batteries. Look at the ground we'll have to charge over, nearly a mile of that open ground there under the rain of their canister and shrapnel.'

"The enemy is there, General Longstreet, and I am going to strike him," said Marse Robert in his firm, quiet, determined voice.

"About 8 o'clock I rode with them along our line of prostrate infantry. They had been told to lie down to prevent attracting attention, and though they had been forbidden to cheer they voluntarily rose and lifted in reverential adoration their caps to our beloved commander as we rode slowly along. Oh, the responsibility for the lives of such men as these! Well, my darling, their fate and that of our beloved Southland will be settled ere your glorious brown eyes rest on these scraps of penciled paper—your Soldier's last letter, perhaps.

"Our line of battle-faces Cemetery Ridge. Our detachments have been thrown forward to support our artillery, which stretches over a mile along the crests of Oak Ridge and Seminary Ridge. The men are lying in the rear, my darling, and the hot July sun pours its scorching rays almost vertically down upon them. The suffering and waiting are almost unendurable. Now and then an olive branch of hope in the shape of a courier bearing a message revives them.

"Well, my sweetheart, at 1 o'clock the awful silence was broken by a cannon shot and then another, and then more than 100 guns shook the hills from crest to base, answered by more than another 100—the whole world a blazing volcano, the whole of heaven a thunderbolt—then darkness and absolute silence—then the grim and gruesome, low-spoken commands—then the forming of the attacking columns, the hurrying of the men to the positions assigned to them. My brave Virginians are to attack in front. Oh, may God in mercy help me as He never helped me before.

I have ridden up to report to Old Peter. I shall give him this letter to mail to you, and a package to give you if—Oh, my darling, do you feel the love of my heart, the prayer, as I write that fatal word if?

"Now, my darling, I go; but remember always that I love you with all my heart and soul, with every fibre of my being; that now and forever I am yours—yours, my beloved. It is almost 3 o'clock. My soul reaches out to yours—my prayers."

When the news came to him of the birth of a son the General wrote:

God bless you, little Mother of our boy—bless and keep you! Heaven in all its glory shine upon you! Eden's flowers bloom eternal for you! Almost with every breath since the message came, relieving my anxiety and telling me that my darling lived and that a little baby had been born to us, I have been a baby myself. Though I have known all these months that from across Love's enchanted land this little child was on its way to our twin souls, now that God's promise is fulfilled and it has come I can't believe it.

As I think of it, I feel the stir of Paradise in my senses, and my spirit goes up in thankfulness to God for this,

his highest and best—the one perfect flower in the garden of Life—Love.

Blinding tears rolled down my cheeks, my sweetheart, as I read the glad tidings. And a feeling so new, so strange, came over me that I asked of the angels what it could be, and whence came the strains of celestial music which filled my soul, and what were the great, grand, stirring hosannas and the soft, tender, sweet adagios that circled around and around, warmed my every vein, beat my every pulse. And—oh, little Mother of my boy—the echoing answer came—A little baby has been born to you, and he and the newmade mother live.”

A few hours after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, in a letter in which he reviewed some of the battles of the war, General Pickett said,

“The glorious gift of your love will help me to bear the memory of these days. In this midnight hour I feel the caressing blessing of your pure spirit as it mingles with mine. Peace is born.”

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

An Adventure.

While in Panama I was an invited guest on the trial trip of the first screw steamer that came to this coast—the Valdivia. Some of the guests amused themselves by shooting at whales with rifles. As no one could make a hit, I caught up a double barrelled London shotgun and fired at the elevated tail of the monster. He felt the shot and beat the water with his tail, and the agent of the British S. S. Co. was so pleased that he gave me the gun with its box and all fixings. This gave me occasion for a deal of healthful exercise while on the Isthmus, and here in California, and I have it still.

With this gun on my arm I went out, one day, into the woods near Aspinwall, seeking game for our table, or specimens for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C. Suddenly I heard the strange roar of some large animal which had discovered me. It was like the bellow of a bull mixed with the growl of a great dog. Seeing a negro native cutting wood, I went to him and asked him what animal made that strange noise, and he gave me the Spanish name for “howling monkey.” I thought of a prize for the Smithsonian and asked the man if I could get to the animal. He was on a wooded knoll, across a bushy swamp of a quarter mile or so in width. He said I could not get across that swamp, but I resolved to try, and by swinging from bush to bush, stepping sometimes on a tuft of grass that would bear my weight, and sometimes on a rock or a log, I did get across and set foot on the knoll. But the instant I set foot on firm land, the roar ceased, and I hunted in vain for the beast. Evidently he distrusted his adversary and kept quiet. Failing to find him I shot a monkey in a tree, and he came down with a cry like that of a child. This roused the wrath of the animal I had come for, and renewing his roar, he came for me across the tops of the trees. Reaching a tree ten feet from me, he ran down the trunk, head downward, his eyes glaring with rage. He was a monster, evidently more than a match for me, but I sent the charge in my remaining barrel into his breast, which changed his mind, for he

to lose him I ran, keeping under him, loading and firing turned and ran up the tree and tried to escape. Unwilling one barrel at a time, having only bird shot to pelt him with, but hitting him every time. He seemed to have strange vitality, but the shots were telling on him, for he got lower and lower on the trees, and at last he fell to the ground, with more than a hundred shot in him, many of which went through his body and lodged against the tough skin of his back. Even now he was a dangerous beast and clearly stronger than I, but after a while I stood on him, and finished him. He was a magnificent beast, nineteen inches high from foot to shoulder, with thigh muscles as large as mine, and when I swung him over my shoulders his head reached the ground. It was a heavy load to carry but I got him to my rooms. He had a pointed black beard, and when I carried him by the huts, the negro women called in Spanish, “the Frenchman, the Frenchman”—and the name fitted him.

At the Washington House I laid him on a chamber floor and as the clerks and officers came in, one by one, I took them up to see him, and every one thought him a dead man.

Now came the task of getting him to Washington. It was Saturday eve, and I had not much time. I removed the brain and entrails, used such preservatives as had been sent me, packed the carcass in a cask filled with alcohol, and saw it on board a steamer in care of the Express Co., which engaged to carry it to its destination. Whether it ever reached Washington, I do not know. If it did, the Smithsonian Institute has, today, the skeleton, at least, of my great prize, the “Howling Monkey.”

I may add that on several gunning excursions I tried hard to get a specimen of the pecary, or wild pig, but without success. Probably this was good fortune, for the natives assured me that should I wound one of these, the whole drove would attack and kill me. But I did succeed in getting for our table what I called a wild turkey, but which was probably a very large pheasant. Edible game is very scarce there. Parrots are very tough, and toucans, though plentiful, are not very tasteful food. Parrots fly in screaming flocks of hundreds.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

By J. E. Walker.

A Chinese writer relates that one of the disciples of Confucius asked him, “Do the departed know what we are doing?”; and the Sage replied: “If I taught that they did I fear that men would neglect the living to serve the dead. And if I taught that they did not, I fear that the dead would be utterly neglected. Hence I say nothing about it; but by and by you yourself will be there and know just how it is.” Observation shows us that the common people believe that the departed do know more or less of what the living are doing; that they have ways of helping or harming the living; and also that they are in some ways very much dependent on the living for comfort and well being.

I once asked a bright lad about ten years old, “Why do you make offerings to the dead?” He replied “We are glad to have them present.” In one case where the only son of a widow embraced Christianity, she was sorely distressed, and exclaimed, “Not one bowl of rice will my spirit ever smell.” But he was a kind and dutiful son, and brought her to know that instead of smelling a few bowls of rice daily, she might have eternal life and fulness of joy for ever

more. But as an outcome of the popular belief as to their relations to the departed we have the bowl of rice and the cup of tea set steaming hot before the ancestral tablets night and morning to nourish the departed, and bits of the thinnest tin foil stuck on the coarsest paper with the rudest little pictures of clothing stamped on the same sort of paper all being burned to furnish them with soul-food and soul clothing and money. Their belief compels them to provide for the dead while their poverty scarcely suffices for the living. What wonder that they grasp eagerly the belief that the cheap trash which they burn is thereby converted into supplies for the departed.

Among the educated Chinese, and especially among the non-Christian students in our Christian schools one can easily find men who reject these crude superstitions, and assert that the "people" make these offerings merely as an expression of reverence and affection, just as the Israelites made burnt offerings to Jehovah as an impressive way of acknowledging His presence and expressing their gratitude for his preserving care. But when these scholars talk about "the people," they hardly include the illiterate masses, while we who go to these masses find that to them the whole thing is very real.

I have presented but one phase of the burdens imposed on, and the follies practiced by the masses because of their belief in the presence of the sentient souls of the departed; and I will only note one more striking thing; their ordinary service of the dead includes five generations ending with the great-great-great-grand parents. Their belief does not rise to the conception of a disembodied spirit continuing in that form of existence forever. It would impose an intolerable load to believe that all one's ancestors (even in the direct line of male descent) for scores and hundreds of generations were dependent on one for all their ghostly supplies. Furthermore all these beliefs belong to the things that are decreasing.

A more serious consideration is this: These beliefs have exerted a restraining influence, and had some power for good. Their foolishness is not so bad as the madness of anarchism, nor the blindness of materialism which things threaten to take their place.

Once in conversation with a middle class Chinese I happened to describe the doctrine of ministering angels; and he was displeased to hear that we made no offerings and paid no worship to these ministering spirits. But the N. T. while containing allusions to ministering spirits, Confucius-like, teaches us nothing about them; and the same is true in regard to our relations to the departed. The O. T. sternly forbade all the pagan attempts to communicate with the dead. Yet there are things in Christian experience which encourage the belief that the veil is sometimes parted.

About thirty years ago one of the veteran missionaries in China lost the precious companion who had been with him through all those years when universal ostracism met the missionary. He was utterly overwhelmed and inconsolable until she appeared to him in vision and asked him, "Do you wish me to come back?" He was silent, and again she asked, "Do you wish me to come back?" He answered "No."

A near connection of mine by marriage had passed on calmly trusting in Christ, and a few months later a little boy who was very fond of him was at the point of death. His father told him this, and that Christ would meet and care for him; but the child wanted some one with whom he was

acquainted to go with him; By and by he exclaimed "I see a king, and I see Mr. W——." and joyfully passed on into the other life. I see no reason for doubting that these were real occurrences. But that such things are a regular part of the established order is not confirmed either by Revelation or by Christian experience. Christ said we must work while it is day, the night cometh wherein no man can work.

Confucius thought it not wise to try to pry into the secrets of the spirit world or the life of the departed, when we had not yet fathomed the mysteries of our own present life. It was like a man trying to mount to the clouds when he could not even climb a tree. His followers have perverted this into materialism. He taught that virtue and vice bring reward and punishment in the visible, tangible affairs of this life. In this he was in line with the O. T. Its commands and its promises and threatenings all pertain to Gods relation to visible, tangible things of this life. It is all one great physical demonstration of the fact that there is one God only, who loves righteousness and hates iniquity and rewards and punishes with strict impartiality, but delights to forgive the penitent. One of the most startling things in passing from the O. T. to the N. T. is the change from promises and threatenings as to this life to promises and threatenings to be fulfilled in the life to come.

The discerning missionary finds little occasion to quarrel with Confucius himself, but much to condemn in the modern current abuse of his teachings. We come with the authoritative teachings of Christ in regard to the life beyond the grave; and we show both by precept and example that a correct knowledge of the life to come is a mighty stimulus and guide to right and wise living in the body.

When the Psalmist said "The dead praise not Jehovah" he had in mind the hallowing of Jehovah's name among men and the winning of men to love, worship and obey Him; and this is that for which we give up home and friends to spend our whole life in a strange land; for men who are thus won have the promise of the life which now is and of that which is to come. To a Chinese pastor who seemed too much worried about the physical well being of his flock I wrote, "All things work together for good to those who love God; and so the best thing you can do for a man is to lead him to love God, and the one great means to this end is to preach to him the gospel of Christ. Yet usually the direct message meets with a fortified front or a stony indifference, and the hearer must be caught with benevolent guile. The gospel must be lived as well as preached, and the siege of kindness with the sapping of hoary errors must patiently open a way to the citadel of the heart.

October 10th is the Chinese 4th of July, and it was duly celebrated by all the ardent Republicans with memorial services to those who laid down their lives in the revolution. These services included bowing of the head or even kneeling in reverence for the departed heroes; and some of the Christians who were present felt that they could not do this. This was a case of the weak and the strong. The weak still in bondage to the old beliefs thought of the spirits as present and being worshipped; the strong knew better and could with a clear conscience evince respect and gratitude to the departed patriots. It is the same with ancestral worship. There is that about it which might well be preserved; but it is so thoroughly associated in the minds of the people with worship of and dependence on present spirits that Christians can not safely engage in it.

P. S.—A fellow missionary, a man very skilled in sifting out truth from falsehood, told me of a case of self-immolation which had occurred in his field. A certain man declared that he wholly renounced the world, and on a fixed day would give himself to be burned. His neighbors at once began to treat him with the greatest respect and honor, and worshipped and feasted him every day, believing that this heroic act of self sacrifice would secure him unusual power in the next world. As the date approached he was kept constantly under the influence of liquor, and at last in this stupified condition was sent out of the world in flames, like a Hindu widow.

Shaowu, China, Oct. 28, 1912.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Henry A. Atkinson, secretary of the Congregational Brotherhood, has been giving some able and inspiring addresses on the Pacific Coast during the last two weeks. Such addresses ought to do much toward bringing people to an understanding of the industrial and social problem, and contribute to a solution by bringing labor and capital together in an earnest effort to establish an era of "the golden rule."

The article in The Pacific last week, with the caption, "A Letter from a Pastor to a Parishioner," contained an erroneous statement in the prefatory note by the editor. The letter was not to a parishioner, but to one who sometimes as a visitor to his city listens to the preaching of the pastor. The author of the letter is the Rev. A. B. Patten of Sacramento, and the letter was addressed to some one in Southern California.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Sacramento.—Fifteen persons entered into the fellowship of the church last Sunday, eleven on confession.

Berkeley, North.—Eight persons were welcomed into membership last Sunday.

Berkeley, First.—Seven persons were received to membership last Sunday, two uniting on profession.

Redwood City.—Sunday, Jan. 5th, five united with the church. Four others were to come but were detained on account of illness.

San Francisco, First.—Forty-seven persons united with the church last Sunday, twenty-nine of the number on confession of faith. Seven were Plymouth members, not received at the time of the union of the churches.

Los Angeles, First.—Friday evening, Dec. 20, the Bible School gave an entertainment in the church auditorium representing the birth of Jesus. It included the angels' song, the star, the visits of the shepherds and the wise men, besides songs and recitations. The large audience pronounced it superior work. Admission was an apple and a potato. A goodly number of families received

of food early Christmas morning. At the morning service of Dec. 22 beautiful selections from special Christmas music were given, and one of Dr. Day's fine sermons, on "Peace among Men." At the evening service Bullard's cantata of "The Holy Infant" was given, in which Harry Clifford Lott took part, besides singing five of Peter Cornelius' "Christmas Songs." The morning of New Year's day Sunrise Communion Service was observed in the parish auditorium at seven o'clock. About two hundred were present, some having come a long distance. Our organist, Dean Skeele, and the quartette were present and gave three beautiful selections. There is a feeling that this precious service is the best preparation for entering upon the new year. Charles Foster Kent, professor of Biblical Literature in Yale, was present at one of our midweek services in December, and gave an interesting address. He was the guest of honor at the banquet of the Men's Brotherhood at the Hotel Maryland in Pasadena.

WASHINGTON.

Anacortes.—The annual business meeting of Pilgrim Congregational Church of Anacortes, Washington, was held in Allan's Hall December 4th, 1912. Dinner was served, after which the officers presented their reports. The membership had increased 40 per cent during the year, thirty-two members being received; twenty-two on confession of faith and ten by letter. The Sunday-school had made a like growth. The finances were in fair condition considering that it was the first year of self-support. The apportionments were paid but in part and the home expenses were all paid up. It was unanimously voted to increase the pastor's salary to eleven hundred dollars, being an increase of two hundred dollars, per annum. The spiritual interest is good and the church is becoming a force in the civic affairs of the community.

Seattle, Oak Lake.—The annual meeting brought out an attendance of thirty. Written reports were given, in business-like fashion, from C. E. society, Sunday school, Ladies' Aid and church officers. The average attendance at Sunday-school for the year was 80, a gain of 20 over the year previous. Total enrollment, 115. All departments of the work are in excellent condition. Financially each treasury showed balances on hand with which to begin the new year. The benevolent offerings have been larger than ever before and next year the Duplex system will be tried even more extensively. The pastor, believing that the field had grown sufficiently to require the constant attention of a minister, requested assignment to the Youngstown field, near which he lives, which petition has been granted by the Church Extension Society. The outlook at Oak Lake is most encouraging.

Bellevue.—The teacher of the Bellevue Sunday school dramatized a story taken from the Ladies' Home Journal entitled "Packing the Missionary Barrel." The drama with Christmas music made a very interesting program for Christmas eve. On Thursday evening a unique service was held for the Japanese of the community, consisting of music, instrumental and vocal; some of the songs were sung in Japanese by Mr. Siwada. On the glistening Christmas tree were presents for all the mothers and children of the community. Out of the sixteen Japanese families

only one is at present distinctly Christian, but all came for the tree and the eager faces showed their appreciation. After the tree all gathered in the dining room for a Japanese tea, served with rice cakes. They consider Miss Knowlton their special friend as she visits in their homes and extends to them a Christian greeting and welcome in this new land to many of them, especially the women.

OREGON.

Salem, Central.—Central Church of Salem, Oregon, held its annual meeting with dinner in the church parlors December thirtieth. There was a good attendance, a large proportion being men, and the trustees presented an excellent report of finances, all debts being paid, with money in each treasury January first. The Sunday school reported the organization of a primary department, adoption of graded lessons and a monthly meeting of the cabinet. A Cradle Roll was also instituted. The outlook for advanced work in this community church seems most favorable.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The Congregational churches of this city will hold special union services this week as follows:

Tuesday, January 7th—In the Atkinson Memorial Church, with subjects as follows: "God's Plan Unfolded by the Holy Spirit," Rev. J. M. Lowden; "Man's Attitude," Rev. J. E. Murphy; discussion to be opened by Rev. William C. Kantner.

Wednesday, January 8th—In St. John's Church—Subjects: "Preparation for Service," Rev. E. S. Bollinger; "Consecration for Service," Rev. A. W. Bond; Discussion opened by Rev. George E. Paddock.

Thursday, January 9th—Each church will hold special services in its own meeting house.

Friday, January 10th—Waverleigh Heights Church—Subjects: "The Efficiency Test—What?" Rev. Frank W. Goeman; "The Efficiency Test—How?" Rev. John J. Staub; discussion opened by Rev. Luther R. Dyott.

At the communion service today the First Church of this city received ten new members.

While this church had a successful year closing with December 31, 1912, with a commendable growth in membership and efficiency in all of its departments, with perfect harmony between pastor and people, yet it is the earnest desire on the part of all that 1913 shall produce even greater results. And it is expected that in large measure this condition will be brought about by united effort in connection with Sunday-school, which now has an unusually efficient superintendent, who not only has a mind to work, but is remarkably successful in infusing into others some of his own personal enthusiasm in the same direction.

Not long since, in overhauling a lot of old documentary material the following letter from Rev. Jason Lee, the first Protestant missionary to Oregon and the Pacific coast, was unearthed. It will be remembered that he came from Massachusetts to Oregon in 1834, arriving in September of that year, and in November following established a mission in the Willamette valley about ten miles north of the present city of Salem. By the year 1838 he felt that he must have reinforcements; and accordingly, in March of

that year he went overland to New England and New York for the purpose of securing the same. He also felt impelled, as the letter indicates, to enter his personal plea for recognition of the Oregon settlement by the civil authorities. Mr. Cushing, to whom the letter is directed, at that time was a prominent man of affairs, and had many influential friends in Congress:

"Middletown, Conn., Jan. 17, 1839.

"Sir: In compliance with your request, I send you herewith a brief statement of our enterprise in Oregon, and of the prospects and wants of the country. We have now in our mission in Oregon, of all ages and both sexes, 25 persons. We are about to reinforce the mission with, say, 45 more, making 70. Attached to the mission of the American Board, 16; settlers going out from the Western States in the spring, missionaries and others, say 20; in all there are about 45 ministers in the charge, settled as farmers, most of them men, two Indian women, and some of them with full grown children, 45; in all 151.

"The greater portion of these attached to the Methodist Episcopal Mission are farmers, mechanics, teachers and physicians, and the exclusive object of the mission is the benefit of the Indian tribes west of the Rocky mountains; but to perform this service it is found necessary to cultivate the soil, erect dwelling houses and school houses, build mills, and in fact, introduce all the helps of a civilized colony, and the more especially, as one of the principal means relied upon for the improvement of the natives is the establishment of extensive manual labor schools for Indian children and youth.

"It is believed that if the government of the United States takes such measures, in respect to this territory, as will secure the rights of the settlers, most of those who are now attached to the mission will remain as permanent settlers in the country, after the mission may no longer need their services. Hence it may be safely assumed that ours, in connection with the other settlers already there, is the commencement of a permanent settlement of the country. In view of this, it will be readily seen that we need two things at the hand of our government for our protection and prosperity.

"First—We need a guarantee from government that the possession of the land we take up, and the improvements we make upon it, will be secured to us. These settlements will greatly increase the value of the government domain in that country should the Indian title ever be extinguished. And we cannot but expect, therefore, that those who have been pioneers in this arduous work will be liberally dealt with in this matter.

"Second—We need the authority and protection of the government and laws of the United States, to regulate the intercourse of the settlers with each other, to protect them against the speculations and aggressions of the Indians, and to protect the Indians against the aggressions of the white settlers.

"To secure these objects, it is not supposed that much of a military force will be necessary. If a suitable person should be sent out as a civil magistrate and governor of the territory, the settlers would sustain his authority. In proof of this, it is only necessary to say that almost all the settlers in Willamette valley have signed a memorial to Congress praying that body to extend the United States government over this territory.

It is especially desirable that the introduction of ardent spirits into the country shall be prevented. These, as all know, are ruinous to the white man and Indian. The temperance movement in the settlement you are already apprised of. Now the settlers do not desire the importation or manufacture of spirits; and if the mercenary and evil-minded are prevented from introducing them, the natives and the immigrant will be saved from this desolating scourge.

"You are aware, sir, that there is no law in that country to protect or control the American citizen. And to whom shall we look? To whom can we look for the establishment of wholesome laws to regulate our infant but rising settlements, but to the Congress of our own beloved country? The country will be settled, and that speedily, from some quarter; and it depends very much upon the speedy action of Congress what that population shall be, and what shall be the fate of the Indian tribes in that territory. It may be that Oregon is of little importance, but, rely upon it, there is the germ of a great State.

"We are resolved to do what we can to benefit the country; but we are constrained to throw ourselves upon you for protection.

"I am, sir, with great respect,

"Yours truly,

"Hon. Caleb Cushing.

JASON LEE."

In spite of the memorial alluded to, two other memorials, and numerous letters of like tenor with the above, it was not until August, 1848, that Congress could be induced to pass an act creating a territorial government in Oregon, and that did not take effect until March 3, 1849, when Governor Joseph Lane issued a proclamation calling for the election of members of the legislature and a delegate to Congress. The latter was Samuel R. Thurston, a native of Maine, who came to Oregon in 1847; and during his term in Congress in the winter of 1849 and 1850, he made one of the most telling speeches in that body in support of the bill which made a State of California.

A "Happy and prosperous New Year" to all readers of *The Pacific*, and citizens of California in general, is the wish of your correspondent.

Portland, January 5, 1913.

The Home.

LITTLE THINGS.

A good-bye kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go;
But it takes a venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.
A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day;
And it smooths the furrows plowed by care,
The lines on the forehead you once called fair
In the years that have flown away.
'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind;
I love you, my dear," each night;
But it sends a thrill thro' the heart, I find;
For Love is tender, and Love is blind—
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for Love's caress;

We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the Love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.—Andrew Lang.

UNSEEN EDUCATORS.

That the schools of our country should not be given all the blame for the shortcomings of the coming generation, was the contention of a Springfield teacher in a recent address. The laxness of parents who seek to protect their boys and girls from responsibility for wrong-doing and from all forms of disagreeable work was severely criticized. A point of especial interest in the address brought out the evils of college luxuries that have come to be an all too important part of high school life. The address was in part:

President Hadley of Yale, in his last annual report, makes this significant statement: "Of the men who have been at Yale who have gone wrong in after life a surprisingly large portion were boys who during their course here had some rule or regulation slightly relaxed in their favor for reasons that seemed good at the time. Of those who have made distinguished successes an equally large portion were boys who at one time or another took penalties for their mistakes, which seemed to them hard and to their parents unjust."

Sometimes this love takes an almost insane form, as when the two parents struggle for the affection of a child, each parent striving to outbid the other by gifts and favors. No more pathetic sight can be imagined, for it is sure to lead to disaster, to the destruction of the very object of their mutual affection. Unconsciously the child learns to play one parent against the other with character ruined in the process; for character is not formed suddenly by the spectacular eloquence of paid revivalists and far-famed choirs, but rather by slow, uninteresting daily effort in the home. To what extent parental affection may go can best be seen in the life of luxury and pleasure which is more and more in evidence among our young people.

Extravagant Pleasures Of Our High Schools.

Autos and dances, dinners and theatre parties, these have become a necessity of life to too many young people. College pleasures have invaded the high school and even the grammar school. These young people have their clubs, their house parties, balls, with taxis, orchestras and flowers. If future historians in writing of the rise and fall of this republic should point to these things as among the causes of the decay of the nation they would be only recording the facts, for with such a marked departure from Emerson's advice of "plain living and high thinking" to the modern high living and no thinking we cannot expect to fare differently from other nations that have strutted their hour upon the stage of the world and have gone forever.

Of what use is it for teachers to urge upon young people the duty to work, the moral loss involved in idleness, when parents take pride in providing for their offspring so that they will never have to work. The expression "have to work" has acquired an odium in the minds of the young. They look for something easy and pleasant, short hours and no dirt, preferring \$8 in "salary" to \$16 in "wages." The unseen forces of social ambition sweep them out of their orbits till they become satellites, content to bask in the sunshine of another, instead of being themselves fixed

stars. Parents should teach their children to regard work as one of the privileges of life, that to deprive a child of the chance to work is to stunt its moral as well as its physical growth, for laziness is not an inborn, but an acquired habit.

The home is the place for work quite as much, if not more, than the school. A good deal of the serious work of men and nearly all of the serious work of women is done in the home. To regard the home as the place of laziness and indulgence is to slander the most powerful moral force in the world. It is rather a place of discipline and no parent should be willing to give up nearly all the moral supervision to the school until the despairing cry comes: "I can't do anything with my boy." And then comes the saddest remedy, if remedy it be, namely, the private school,—that product of social exclusiveness which should have no place in a true democracy.

The association in the schoolroom of young people from different walks of life involves no real danger to the habits and manners of any child; it rather breaks down foolish prejudice and snobbishness and is not only a splendid intellectual stimulus, but is calculated to train young people how to behave in a world of all kinds of men. If refined parents will take care of the associations of their children out of school, they will have nothing to fear from the associations in school.

Democracy Of Public Schools.

The public school is a republic in miniature, not unlike the great republic outside. Children that are to get along together as men and women in a state must learn to get along together as boys and girls in school. The public school's social precedence is determined by the alphabet and not by Bradstreet's, a prophecy of what, let us hope, the nation's social register will ultimately be. A private school when limited to students of one particular social class has a narrowing influence on character, and is therefore wrong in principle. The fashionable school, like the fashionable church, should have no place in a democracy. Exclusive people exclude themselves more than others from the moral influence upon themselves of exercising the virtues of helpfulness for those that are less favored. When a large percentage of men of wealth send their boys to rich men's schools and rich men's colleges we shall continue to see in the future employers out of touch and out of sympathy with their employes, men who think they are better than their fellows because they are more refined in their tastes, when in reality they are merely fastidious in dress and food, men who think that the resources of the country are theirs to dispose of as they see fit.

THE TOILERS.

All day the toilers sigh for rest,
Nor find it anywhere.
The sun sinks in the darkling west,
And they forget their care;
Tired hands are folded on each breast:
The Lord hath heard their prayer!

Through all our lives we pray for rest,
Nor find it anywhere.
Then comes the night, with balmy breast,
And soothes us unaware.
I wonder much—"And is it Death,
Or but an answered prayer?"

—Carlyle McKinley.

AT PARTING.

In The Winter.

Write to me still as you used to,
Though I cannot make reply,
Since this willing hand is palsied;
Yet, believe me by and by,
When we meet in the golden summer,
My tongue, like a ready pen,
Shall answer your every letter:
Have faith in me till then!

AT Death.

Speak to me still as you used to,
When I cannot make reply;
Trust me, through longest silence
(And be sure that by and by,
When the summer of heaven brings us
Heart to heart and face to face,
You will prove that I heard you always,
Though you seemed to talk to space!

—Charlotte Fiske Bates.

For The Children.

HER ANSWER.

I studied my tables over and over, and backward and forward, too,
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do
Till my sister told me to play with my doll and not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for awhile, you will learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann, though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name,
And I called her my little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,
Said, "six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud,
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said, "Now Dorothy, tell if you can,"
For I thought of my doll, and—sakes alive! I answered, "Mary Ann!"—Anna M. Pratt.

IDLENESS OR INDUSTRY.

"I think doing dishes is the greasiest, meanest work in the world," said Mabel, while a great tear ran down her cheek and splashed off into the dish-pan. "Here Anna Richards and I had planned to have the finest time, and now it will be school time before these pokey old dishes are done!"

"That's nothing to what I have to do," said Robert from

the doorway, "feed the chickens and pick the beans and run all manner of errands from morning to night. There's just no end to my work," and he heaved a self-pitying sigh.

"And I has to go to the pump 'steen times," said little Benny, "ist when I wants to play."

"It's a shame we all have to work so hard," said Mabel. "Going to school is enough, and I don't think it's fair to make us work like this."

"I don't either," said Robert, stoutly; and "I don't neizer," said little Benny.

"Come here a minute, children," called mamma from the other room, and her voice had a tone of pain in it that, somehow, made them all ashamed of themselves. "I am sorry indeed to have you speak like that about the little tasks I have asked you to do to help me. But since that is the way you feel, you may take off your apron, Mabel, and you may all go out to play and leave the work to me."

Wasn't it strange that when they were given the play time they thought they wanted so badly, nothing seemed to be any fun? Robert tossed his ball aimlessly and looked back remorsefully at the hungry chickens; Benny sat on the back steps swinging his fat legs disconsolately, while Mabel found her chum, Anna Richards, doing up her breakfast dishes and singing away so merrily that Mabel crept guiltily away, without even mentioning the fun they had planned.

The school bell rang at last, and, greatly relieved, Robert and Mabel started briskly off, leaving little Benny alone.

"I'll do and dit mamma a nice, tool drint," he said to himself, forgetting for the moment what his mother had said, and bursting into the kitchen where she was still at work on the dishes, he went on, "Mamma, don't you want a nice, fresh drint."

"Yes, indeed, but I couldn't let you get it for me," said mamma, laying down her dish towel. "So, I must go myself," and taking up her bucket, she went into the yard. Now it had really been Benny's delight to do this little errand—how great a delight he had never realized before—and it was a very sober little boy who looked up into mamma's face when she came back.

At noon, as the children sat playing jackstones on the front porch, mamma came out with a market basket in her hand. "I forgot until just now," she said, "that we need a few things from the grocery. You can tell papa where I am and that I am sorry to make dinner so late." Robert half rose to his feet, then a quick flush overspread his face and he promptly sat down again.

That evening, mamma came into the library where the children sat, a full hour later than usual. "I am sorry I cannot tell you a story tonight," she said, "but the chickens had to be tended to and the kitchen work to be done, and now I can only hear your lessons before bedtime."

The children sat in silence a moment, then Mabel threw down her speller with a loud thud, and ran and threw her arms about her mother's neck. "You look too tired to do anything, dear little mother," she said. "Take us back; do take us back and let us work for you. Honest and truly we want to!"

"I never felt so mean in my life," said Robert, flushing at the very thought, "as when I saw you leave your dinner work and start off to the grocery with a big, lazy boy sitting right on the porch."

"And me wants to dit you tool drints, yes me does," said little Benny, the tears flashing into his brown eyes.

Mamma held out her arms and gathered all three children into a loving embrace. "I know you want to help me, children," she said, "and of course you shall. But I wanted to show you for one day how it would be if one person did all the work and the rest had all the play. God has given us all some good, wholesome tasks that really make us better and stronger and happier for doing them, though sometimes they do seem a little hard; and when one of us neglects his share, it is sure to make the burden fall too heavy on some one else. You'll not forget that, will you?"

"I should say we won't," said Robert.

—The King's Builders.

THE NEW YEAR'S CALENDAR.

What do you think the New Year would do,
If he were a bright little lad like you,
With chances waiting on every hand
To be brave and loyal, to take a stand
For right and justice and all that goes
To the making of heroes the whole world knows?

Would he stone the cow? Would he shoot the bird
To leave its young with their cries unheard?
Would he torture the cat and call it fun?
Would he trap the little wild things that run
And gambol and frisk through the forest free,—
God's little creatures,—and oh, would he
Checkrein the horse as he bears his load
Patiently over the stony road?

'Tis ever the deeds of love and cheer
That bring most joy to the glad New Year.
Then write its pages with kindly deeds,
Ministering ever to other's needs.
The stone, the trap and the murderous gun
Have never trophies of honor won.
A handful of grass to the bending head
Of the hack horse often but poorly fed;
Apples and sugar in place of blows,—
The boy who ever this kindness shows,
Will never cruelly, wantonly kill
The little creatures of field and hill.

If I were a bright little lad like you,
The New Year would find me loyal and true.
Deeds of mercy more precious are
In the New Year's unwritten calendar
Than pomp and honor and glory bought
By a cruel deed or an unkind thought.

—Nellie M. Cove, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

Personality may help a cause or it may harm it. There are those who use all their power and influence to float a cause and those who use a cause to float themselves.

A cheerful heart, an open mind, and an independent spirit are good equipment for facing the new year.

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APPEAL TO BOYS.

Your first duty in life is toward your afterself. So live that your afterself—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual.

Far away in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself.

What will you leave for him?

Will it be a brain unspooled by lust or dissipation, a mind trained to think and act, a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about

you? Will you, Boy, let him come as a man among men in his time? Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you turn over to him a brain distorted, a mind diseased? A will untrained to action? A spinal cord grown through and through with the devil grass of that vile harvest we call wild oats?

Will you let him come, taking your

place, gaining through your experiences, hallowed through your joys; building on them his own?

This is your problem in life; the problem of more importance to you than any or all others. How will you meet it, as a man or as a fool?

When you answer this, we shall know what use the world can make of you.—David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr. University.

AMERICAN BOARD INSTITUTES.

Itinerary of the Two Teams in the Pacific Coast District.

Team No. 1.

Walla Walla, Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 22-23.

Everett, Jan. 29, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Tacoma, Jan. 30-31, Thursday evening, Friday afternoon and evening.

Forest Grove, Feb. 5, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

San Jose, Feb. 12, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Claremont, Feb. 19 or 20, Wednesday or Thursday afternoon and evening.

Combined Teams.

Spokane, Wash., Saturday to Tuesday, Jan. 18-21.

Seattle, Wash., Saturday to Tuesday, Jan. 25-28.

Portland, Oregon, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 1-4.

Sacramento and Stockton, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 8-10.

San Francisco Bay region, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 15-18.

Los Angeles, Cal., Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 22-25.

Team No. 2.

Colfax, Jan. 21, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

North Yakima, Jan. 24, Friday afternoon and evening.

Snohomish, Jan. 28, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

Bellingham, Jan. 29, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Vancouver, Jan. 30, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Corvallis, Feb. 5, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Salem, Feb. 6, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Santa Cruz, Feb. 12, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Pacific Grove, Feb. 13, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Santa Barbara, Feb. 19, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Riverside, Feb. 21, Friday afternoon and evening.

San Diego, Feb. 25, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

Redlands, Feb. 26, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Speakers Available for Above Program.

Rev. Brewer Eddy, Associate Secretary of the American Board, Boston; Rev. Chas. L. Storrs, Jr., Foochow Mission, China; Rev. Robert Chambers, Western Turkey Mission; Mrs. Geo. B. Cowles, American Zulu Mission, South Africa; Rev. Miles B. Fisher, Pacific Coast Secretary C. S. S. & P. S. San Francisco; Rev. H. Melville Tenney, Pacific Coast Secretary A. B. C. F. M., San Francisco; a possible representative of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific.